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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE THREE CRUMS.

When I was in college I had two very dear friends, Marsden and Masterson. We were always together, despite the fact that there could hardly have been found anywhere in the world three men whose ideas on most subjects so radically differed. Perhaps it was this intellectual pleasure we derived from debating among ourselves, with an acrimony only possible among the fastest of friends, the pros and cons of every question that came up that was the bond of our union. Whatever the bond was, we were certainly inseparable, and I think, on that last night in New Haven, when after four years of most intimate association we parted, each to walk alone his path through life, there were three very tear stained pillows beneath our respective heads before Morpheus claimed our allegiance. I know that I for one was compelled to change mine, so saturated did it become with those salt evidences of a sincere grief which were copiously shed by my eyes that night.

The parting between Marsden and Masterson and myself was geographical rather than spiritual. Marsden's lines fell in the pleasant places of Boston; Masterson's in those of Baltimore, and mine in New York. Marsden studied medicine, Masterson became a professor of psychology without a chair, and I drifted through a period of misery as a student of law into literary sharp-shooting; but through it all we kept up a three-cornered correspondence in which the hopes and fears of our lives were freely confided, with the result, I think, that we all took a more cheerful view of existence than otherwise could have been possible. It was the perfect candor of our intercourse that helped us. What I did not like about Marsden I frankly told him, and when I disapproved of Masterson, Masterson was the first to know it, and *vice versa*. It was helpful; it is delightful. We lived in a palace of truth, which, alas! is no more.

Five or six years was the duration of our post-graduate alliance, which was broken by death first, and then by that which is worse than death—madness; and it all came about through the too close application of Marsden and Masterson to their work. Marsden had always been noted for his love of the mysterious and morbid. In the old college days it used to trouble Marsden and myself not a little to find how exceedingly fond of the depressing things of life Marsden was—that is to say, he liked to hear and talk about them. He liked to read stories not only bordering upon the supernatural, and while Masterson and I were compiling scrapbooks of clippings showing how easily Yale crews defeated Harvard crews, and other matters of alma mater interest, Marsden was filling envelopes with horrors—stories of vampires, tales of hallucination and other unnatural things.

While Masterson and I were reading such light and airy stories as "Pelham" and "Pendennis," with Herriek as our ideal poet, Marsden would devote his hours of outside reading to Hoffman, Poe and Monk Lewis, and any versifier whose sentiment smacked of malaria could be his poet for the time being. I think the only point on which Masterson and I ever really agreed was in regard to Marsden's unhealthy passion for the grotesque, and we were unremitting in our efforts to bring him down to the real sunny things of life, but I cannot say that we were ever sanguine of the result of our efforts.

It was Marsden's horrible addiction to such matters that led Masterson into the study of psychology and Marsden himself into medicine, and if Marsden would have gone at it in the coldly scientific manner of Masterson, I think he would have been all right, although Masterson carried his coolness a degree too far in that he did not recognize the fact that minds, like machines, speedily go to pieces if not kept in repair. It was while trying to comprehend Marsden's mind that Masterson became interested in mental science, and it was Marsden's passion for the insane that decided him to become a physician, so that he might come into actual contact with those who suffered the things of which he read.

Each succeeded in reaching his goal. Masterson at the age of thirty found himself an accepted authority on psychological matters. Marsden at twenty-nine was actively connected with the medical staff of an asylum for the insane in Massachusetts, and

then the end came. Masterson's candle had been burned at both ends, and he was night unto death. I was the first to hear of it, because my duties were such that I had been able to visit Masterson at Baltimore—which Marsden, owing to his more or less confined duties, could not very well do, and so was known to Masterson's family, who immediately wired me of the precarious condition of my old friend. The telegram I received at 9 o'clock in the morning of a September day, and I immediately repeated it to Marsden in Boston, adding that it was my intention to leave New York for Baltimore that night.

Two hours later I received a message from Marsden saying: "Wait for me. He must not die."

This was more or less unsettling. To wait for Marsden was the very thing it would please me most to do, but to have him bring his message to a close with those four words, grated on my nerves. They did not sound exactly right.

An hour later a second telegram arrived from Marsden, which read: "Am just leaving Boston. For God's sake, wait for me!"

And so it went all that afternoon. At every stopping place along the line from Boston to New York Marsden forwarded to me the most nerve disturbing messages the mind could well conceive of, beseeching me to await his coming always, and in four separate instances assuming a power on my part to avert the expected death of Masterson that made me suspect that Marsden himself was in a precarious state mentally anyhow. I dreaded meeting him, but was nevertheless on hand at the station on the arrival of his train—and what a shock it was to me when I caught sight of Marsden! His face was white as a sheet; his shoulders were bent as with some load far too great for them to bear, and his hands trembled as though they were palsied. When he saw me he threw his arms about my neck, and burying his pallid face on my shoulder and cried like a child.

"Don't take on so, Tom," I said, giving him an affectionate tap on the arm and drawing away. "It may not be so bad as we think."

"Not if he lives!" he replied, shaking his head sadly and looking nervously about him. "But I fear Jack is on the verge of dissolution. I feel so faint now, that I believe—I believe it is nearly all over." He staggered slightly as he spoke, and would have fallen if I had not caught him by the arm.

"Brace up, my dear boy!" I cried. "Don't make a scene here. Come. Get into this cab and we'll ride down to my rooms."

He was so limp by this time that I bundled him almost head over heels into a convenient hackney, and giving the driver directions as to where to go, followed and sat down beside him. He lay back against the cushions, his eyes closed, his lips quivering like a child's under punishment. To an ordinary observer it would have seemed as if Marsden had taken too much strong drink—to me, who knew that he did not drink, his condition was unaccountable. Moved by both were by the imminent death of a dear friend, but the emotion of Marsden was out of all proportion to the situation.

Suddenly he grasped me by the arm and sat up stiffly and groaned.

"Ah!" he sighed in a moment. "I thought it was all over then. By heavens, Hartly!" he shouted as he turned his eyes to me—eyes big, bulging and seemingly full of some terrible dread. "How can you sit there so unmoved? How can you—how can you—how can you!"

His tone by this time had risen to a shriek, and I became convinced that Marsden and I could not go on to Baltimore that night, unless I was willing to constitute myself the guardian of a maniac.

"I—I am quite as upset, Tom," I replied. "Quite as deeply grieved over the possibility of Jack's death."

"Don't speak of it—don't speak of it!" he shuddered, cowering back into the corner of the cab and hiding his face with his hands.

"Hartly, I don't believe you understand," he added gravely, after a minute or two of silence. "Do you understand that it means oblivion? Do you comprehend that it means absolute annihilation, destruction, a blotting out forever? Do you—do you realize that?"

He fairly shook me with his grip on my arm as he gasped this out.

"No, I do not," I answered shortly. "I believe, as you used to believe, in God in heaven, and I have not

changed, and I know that Masterson has no reason to fear death. His soul is the purest!"

"I am not thinking of Masterson," he cried, and then, his voice sinking into a whisper, he muttered. "I refer to ourselves. We shall vanish; we shall be blotted out. Masterson's soul is all right, but ours—we have no souls. With his death we are plunged into formlessness—we become zeros!"

"My dear Marsden," I said, trying hard to conceal my perturbation, for I was now convinced that he was mad, "my dear Tom, don't talk that way. Keep quiet. All will go well. All!"

"It cannot!" he restored, "if Jack Masterson dies. If Jack Masterson dies we—Hartly, do you realize what you are, what I am? I, with all my hopes, all my ambitions, my loves, my hates, everything, am but a figment in the brain of Jack Masterson. You are the same, I know. I have studied—I have seen. When that mind ceases to work and that imagination to fancy, you and I, John Hartly, cease to be!"

As Marsden spoke the cab stopped at my door and we entered the house. I was simply appalled at the horror of Marsden's hallucination and at the new responsibility for his welfare that had temporarily devolved upon me. He was mad; but how mad? Was it curable or not? I feared. I felt that but one thing was needed to upset his mind altogether, and that was Masterson's death. No; had I any hope that there was a blow to be averted? What to do was the question, and my own feelings were that unless that question were speedily solved I should myself stand in mental peril.

We went to my apartments, and shoved under the door I found a telegram awaiting me. To open it was the work of a moment, and then Marsden, feeling that it must be from Baltimore, snatched it from me and tried to read it, but fortunately he could not, his eyes were so filled with the tears of fear.

"Read it!" he cried, trembling with excitement. "Read it!"

I took it, and casting my eyes over the line saw the announcement of the fatal termination of Jack's illness. "Jack died at 5 o'clock this afternoon," it said; but I did not dare read it aloud.

"What does it say?" gasped Marsden.

"The danger is over, and there is no need of our going to Baltimore."

"Thank God!" cried Marsden, falling on his knees and then with a groan sinking in a faint to the floor.

Marsden is still connected with the asylum in Massachusetts, he thinks as a consulting physician, but as the world knows, as a patient, and I—I bear the burden of my deceit in that horrible night by conducting the correspondence of two corners of our triangle of love—my own corner and that of Masterson, of whose death Marsden has never heard, for the experts say that were he ever to hear of his friend's decease, so strongly does he believe himself a part of the dead man's day dreams, the small remainder of his once strong mind would be utterly blotted out.—H. W. Harkness in Frank Leslie's.

The Discovery of the Gulf Stream.

Ponce de Leon, while on his famous search for the fountain of youth, made the discovery of the Gulf Stream. The whalers of New England were the first to gain a fairly accurate knowledge of the limits of the current between America and Europe by following the haunts of the whales, which are found north of one line and south of another, but never between the two. This, they resolved, was the gulf stream current. Benjamin Franklin received this information from the whalers, and published it on a chart for the benefit of the mail packets plying between England and the colonies. The chart was first issued about 1770, but was not accepted by the English captains. Before it came to be generally known and used, the trouble between England and the colonies began, and Franklin, knowing the advantage the knowledge would be to the British naval officers, suppressed it all he could until hostilities ceased.—Detroit Free Press.

According to opticians, the eyesight has been seriously affected in some parts of London by the fumes arising from the wood pavement.

FANWOOD.

Ice-Cream to Blame for a Cool Reception.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN H. FIELD.

The F. L. A. Meets—Sunday Services—Minor Matters.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

A reception was tendered the pretty and vivacious Miss Essie H. Spanton in the Institution parlors on Wednesday evening, March 15th, by her Fanwood friends. After an absence of more than two weeks, she had returned to school, reluctant though she was to leave the balmy air of Virginia, where she had been recuperating. On her way back, she stopped a while at Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., Philadelphia, Pa., and Trenton, N. J., bringing away with her souvenir spoons of each place. Parties innumerable had she attended, but not one so pleased her as this reception. The elegant parlors were replete with light and life. Mr. Archie Baxter and Miss Spanton led, in the grand march. Youth did the dancing, age was content to watch or converse. Chicken salad, French ice-cream, cakes, nuts and raisins found ample contact with the palate later on, and served to lower the interior temperature of the frame. One poor fellow was forced to seat himself on a heater and eat the remainder of his cream. The anxiety of a fair and piquant maiden to know if almonds would aid the digestion, was pitiful to see. Parchesi, dominoes, chess, halma and other games were indulged in, after the repast. At 10.15 p.m. all retired, having had a very nice time. Among those present were Miss Mary E. Griswold, a teacher at the Chicago Day School, and Miss Bertha Block, a student of the National College. The rest were teachers and officers of the Institution, and students of the High Class.

The New York Sun of March 18th contained the following obituary notice: Benjamin Hazard Field, whose life has for many years been devoted to philanthropic work, died yesterday at his home, 21 East Twenty-sixth Street, in his 79th year. At the time of his death he was President of the Home for Incurables, of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, and of the New York Free Circulating Library, founder and President of the Field Home, near Peekskill, May 2, 1814. He was educated in the North Salton Academy, and came to this city in 1832. He became a clerk for his uncle, Hickson N. Field, one of the great importing merchants of that time, and succeeded him in business in 1836. As wealth came to him he interested himself in charitable work and contributed liberally to it. He was married in 1838 to Miss Catherine M. Van Cortlandt de Peyster, daughter of Frederic de Peyster. She died in 1886, and in memory of her Mr. Field founded the Field Home, which is also to be his monument. He leaves two children, Cortlandt de Peyster Field, who succeeded him in business, and Florence Van Cortlandt Field, wife of David Wolfe Dushoff.

Mr. Field was for many years a member of the Institution Board of Directors. Present at Fanwood on all public occasions, he ever evinced great interest in the exercises. His kindly face will be missed at the annual exhibitions. He has rejoined his beloved wife.

The Fanwood Literary Association meeting last Saturday evening was rendered especially interesting by the presence of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet on the platform. The good old doctor, having expressed his pleasure at again seeing his Fanwood friends, spoke sorrowfully of the death of that model man, Benjamin H. Field, to whom the deaf as well as the hearing were indebted for many courtesies. An outline description of Dr. Isaac L. Peet's boyhood and manhood followed. Dr. Gallaudet stating conclusively that the latter would devote his few remaining years to writing a book for the deaf. He then gave those present some kindly advice, not failing to mention the Gallaudet Home in connection with the term "magnanimity." Mr. J. H. Hogan commented favorably on Dr. G's

speech, and moved that a vote of thanks be extended to him. Mr. J. Hayes seconded the motion, which was carried *una voce*. The doctor's response to the vote was very appropriate. First Vice-President Britton pronounced the meeting adjourned, when Dr. G. left the platform.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet conducted the chapel services on Sunday morning, preaching from Rev. 3:21-23. At 11 o'clock he left for the Church of the Intercession, 158th Street and Boulevard, where, to a small number of deaf Episcopalians, he administered the Holy Communion. In the afternoon, members of St. Ann's Church, West 18th Street, were favored with a taste of his old-time eloquence. Principal Currier defined an additional clause in the Lord's Prayer—"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,"—on Sunday afternoon.

The Jolly Baseball Club is the title of an organization that first saw light one day last week. Its officers are Morris Marks, Manager and Captain; Herman Beck, President and Secretary; John Losey, Treasurer; Eugene Moeslin, James Avers, Fred. Bachman, Edward Rappholdt, and Andrew Paul, Committee. Fanwood may expect some jolly games of baseball this year.

Anthony C. Reiff witnessed the matinee performance at Niblo's Theatre, last Saturday. "The Diamond Breaker" pleased his little heart. He obtained free admittance, his pa being one of the orchestra players.

Messrs. Robert E. Maynard and Tom Brown were here last Thursday. Barnum & Bailey's Parade was what drew so many Fanwoodites to the city last Saturday.

The father of Willie Greenwald visited him on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Louis Soldwedel came over on his bicycle, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Stevens, the housekeeper, was visited by Miss Katie Ward (her niece) and Miss Alma Lutchford (a friend), last Tuesday.

Mrs. Basingthwaite, ex-nurse of the Institution, and wife of ex-Clerk Basingthwaite, was over on Tuesday evening with her baby.

Mr. Chas. Englehardt, the tailor, lost his youngest child by death, on Tuesday.

TRESMAL.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Mr. Sprague, ever thoughtful of others, has made some boxes for Mrs. C. M. Nelson, and she wrote him a note of thanks. On the lid of one of the boxes was carved the number 44, which probably stood for the blind man's age. Mrs. Nelson showed the articles to her acquaintances, and they considered them a wonderful specimen of workmanship.

Miss Allen is reported to be very low and sinking rapidly.

On Washington's Day a big snow storm visited this region, and almost equalled the blizzard of 1888, which is still fresh in the minds of many.

The editor of the Poughkeepsie Enterprise sent us a package of newspapers, etc., two weeks ago. He was very kind.

On a recent bright afternoon, Mrs. Bartlett and a friend called to see the Home. Their names were enrolled on the board of lady managers, at their last annual meeting.

Several gentlemen have been here of late, to inspect the grounds for the erection of the new building, and work will begin during the middle of April, if not earlier; then it will be a busy time all around.

The writer is in receipt of an elegant prayer book and hymnal from a lady well-known among the deaf in New York, and will keep the gifts to remember her.

News reached here from down the river, on the 27th ult., that a gentleman whose name was suppressed, had given ten thousand dollars to this charitable institution as an endowment. It was true charity, and a pleasant surprise to everybody.

Mr. H. J. Haight, a wealthy deaf-mute gentleman, being in Poughkeepsie lately, dropped in upon Mrs. M. G. Newell, and transacted some business with her.

The aged deaf-mute couple of Lansingburgh, N. Y., are not yet here, but they may come before long.

Dr. Cornell was at the home on the 6th inst., Miss Hawes not being well.

Anna, the oldest sister of supervisor Gardner, has been on a visit to relatives in Fishkill, N. Y. She is an expert dressmaker.

A colony of snow-birds flocked to the back door, the other morning, made a good breakfast of the crumbs

our matron had thrown there. God bless the dear little birds.

That one accident is sure to follow another, seems to be the case among the inmates. While Mike Bauer was chopping wood with an axe recently, he had the misfortune to cut the middle finger of his left hand. It was a pretty bad wound, but is healing nicely.

LOUISE.

"OLD HARTFORD."

Death has again appeared in our midst. This time it is Mary M., the wife of Prof. Wm. H. Weeks, that has been taken from us. She passed to her final rest on Tuesday, the 14th, after a brief illness of pneumonia. She was sixty-three years of age, and leaves, besides other relatives, a most devoted husband and an only son to mourn her demise.

A few weeks prior to her death, her brother, Mr. James M. Allen, was taken from his boarding place in the city to Mr. Weeks' residence, sick with the same disease. He grew worse day by day, and, on one occasion, his condition was such as to cause much anxiety among his friends. But the crisis was finally passed, and he began to rally. He continues to improve, and at the present writing stands a fair chance to regain his former good health.

The great care and anxiety which fell to the lot of Mrs. Weeks on account of her brother's sickness, weakened her own system, and brought on the fatal illness; although she was known as a great sufferer, and had been sick off and on much of the time for the past few years. Her first symptoms began with a slight cold. Then other complications followed, and on Friday, the 10th, pneumonia set in, but only mild in form.

On Monday, however, her case began to take a more serious turn, and on Tuesday morning the family physician pronounced her case a hopeless one. Accordingly telegrams were sent to relatives in Washington, D. C., Boston, Mass., New York City, and Melrose, Conn., but not one arrived in time to see Mrs. Weeks alive; for she breathed her last at about one o'clock in the afternoon.

Thus has gone to her final reward a woman of many rare qualities of heart and soul. The blow rests heavily upon Mr. Weeks, our fellow teacher, but he is consoled with the fact that his own loss is but the gain of the departed one. For she has crossed safely over the valley of the shadow of death, and arrived at that blessed Eden, where no more sorrow, no more sickness, suffering and death can ever reach her—where the ears of the deaf shall be opened and the tongue of the dumb shall sing. The many friends of Mr. Weeks, especially those among the deaf throughout the country, to whom he has endeared himself, will join "Scribe" in extending to him their heartfelt sympathy in his great bereavement.

The funeral of Mrs. Weeks took place at the family residence on Atwood Street, Wednesday afternoon, the 15th. Rev. Mr. Stone, the pastor of the Asylum Hill Baptist Church, of which Mrs. Weeks was a member, was unable to be present on account of sickness among his relatives. So Rev. Chas. A. Piddock, editor of the Christian Secretary, conducted the services, which were interpreted for the benefit of the deaf present by Mr. Abel S. Clark. Among the relatives of the deceased present at the funeral we noticed: Mr. Harry A. Weeks, a son now engaged in business in Boston, Mass., Miss Margaret Allen, a sister, and the assistant matron at the Kendall Institution for the Deaf at Washington, D. C., Mrs. Avery, another sister now living in New York City, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Lucy Allen, from Melrose, Conn. The interment took place on the following Thursday, at Melrose, Conn., the birthplace of the deceased.

Many of the old graduates of this school will doubtless remember Miss Nellie W. Kennedy, the adopted daughter of Col. Henry Kennedy who was for many years our Steward. When "Scribe" attended school here she was then a wee bit of a girl, with long, golden hair, hanging loosely over her shoulders. She and little Nellie Stone, now Mrs. Gleason, were close friends, and were seen playing together much of the time. These two little Nellies were great favorites with every one about the Institution. At our holiday parties they generally graced the occasions with their presence, and joined the grand march arm in arm with two of the boys. We remember that little Nellie Kennedy,

and little Frank H. Clark used to head the procession. Then Colonel Kennedy would laugh in his droll way, when he saw them, and plague them for it afterwards.

But time has changed since then, and people have changed with it. The then little Nellie Kennedy is now a grown up lady, and last Wednesday evening she celebrated the greatest event of her life, her marriage. The lucky young man to whom she gave her hand, as well as her heart, is Mr. William T. Pitkin. He is a member of the firm of Pitkin, Bros., and is well-known in business and social circles in the city. The ceremony was a most elaborate affair. It took place at Col. Kennedy's fine residence, cor. Asylum and Garden Streets. The parlors were beautifully decorated, and the bride during the ceremony stood under a large potted palm in front of a bank of cut flowers. A reception followed the marriage, when a host of friends of the couple extended their congratulations. The presents were numerous and costly. Among them were many pieces of silver and cut glass. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Washington, D. C. On their return they will live at 14 Winthrop Street, a home presented to them by Col. Kennedy, and is valued at \$14,000. Among the friends presented at the reception from our school were: Mr. and Mrs. Job Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Misses Greenlaw, Mann, Noyes and Atkinson.

March 1st was Principal Williams' birthday. The pupils got wind of it, and headed by Master Willie E. Shaw, they put their spare cash together, and bought two books: "The Life of our Lord," by Rev. Mr. Andrews of this city, and "Green Fields and Running Brooks," by James Whitcomb Riley. As soon as chapel services were over in the morning, Mr. Shaw stepped upon the platform and reminded Mr. Williams that it was his birthday. Then he went on to say that he and his fellow pupils wished to testify their love and gratitude to him by making him a little present. Mr. Williams accepted the books with much feeling, and assured them of his love and good will. Such little things, though small in themselves, act like oil on squeaky machinery.

Pneumonia is quite prevalent in this locality, and the resident deaf do not escape its attacks. Mr. Chas. D. Slate is the latest victim. A short time ago he was so very low that he was not expected to pull through, but at present he is on the mend with full hope of recovery.

During the past week Miss C. Sweet has been indisposed, and Miss Emma Atkinson has had charge of her class.

Mr. Henry M. Fairman has also had charge of Mr. Weeks class during the latter's absence on account of his wife's death. The business at Mr. Fairman's shop is dull just now, and he is glad of the chance to make himself useful; for there is nothing, except sin, that he more detests than idleness.

Mr. George C. Williams, of West Haven, Conn., graced our school with his presence for a few hours one day last week. He was looking hale and hearty. He is director of penmanship in the Hogarth Business University at New Haven, Conn. Besides this, orders for pen work of various kinds keep him constantly busy, and he is making his calling a success financially.

Mr. Herman Erbe and Mr. Tweed, of Waterbury, Conn., also paid our school a short call on Friday, the 17th. After school was dismissed, Erbe, Fairman and "Scribe" had a pleasant chat together. The conversation naturally drifted to the subject of the late celebration; for, it will be remembered that this trio were the Committee of arrangements, Mr. Chase being chairman and the fourth in number.

We have received a card and circular from Mr. Willie Ely, of Shailerville, Conn. He is in the poultry business, and deals in Barred Plymouth Rocks of the Hawkins Strain. We know from personal experience that this breed takes the cake both as market poultry and as prolific layers. He sells eggs for hatching at \$1.50 per 13, or 60 eggs for \$5. Any one wishing eggs for hatching would do well to send their orders to Mr. Ely.

SCRIBE.

Artificial legs and arms were in use in Egypt as early as B. C. 700. They were made by the priests, who were the physicians of that early time.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1893.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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We learn that the bill to establish a school for deaf-mutes, at Boulder, Montana, has passed both houses of the legislature and received the Governor's signature. Boulder is a small town with less than 500 population. The amount appropriated for buildings is \$10,000. At the last moment the bill was amended so as to include the blind and the feeble-minded. It is to be regretted that such an amendment was sprung when the original bill was sure of success. The education of the blind and the feeble-minded can not be associated with the education of the deaf, without detriment to the latter. This mistake has been made before now, in other States, and those who sanctioned the combination have lived to regret their action. The State Superintendent of Public Schools, in his report, gives the names of seven deaf-mutes now being educated in other States at the expense of Montana. Five of these are at Washington, D. C., one at Devils Lake, N. Dak., one at the Kentucky Institution. The contracts for these pupils expire in the fall, but the school to be located at Boulder will probably not be in operation for two years yet.

The following is an extract from a speech made by Principal Clarke, of the Michigan Institution, on February 28th, before the Superintendents of the Poor of the State of Michigan:

The sign language seems to come by nature to the deaf. The language we use with them is founded upon natural signs. We do not teach them to sign. They pick it up, and we use it as a means to teach English. The mastery of this idiomatic, flexible, copious mother tongue is the first and most important step in the education of the deaf. Its perplexities, to one who has no other written language, are awful. A pupil will ask: "I am sick," good language? "Yes." Then why, why, why is "I am headache" a mistake? It is possibly known to you all, that some, yes many, deaf-mutes can be taught to speak. I do not hesitate to say that I can teach any average deaf child to talk, if I have time enough and get the pupil young enough. We do teach many of them to speak. I suppose you are about to ask why we do not teach them all, and it is a fair question. To many of them learning to speak is a work of immense time and trouble, and that a large part of time given to other studies and to learning a useful trade must be given up. After this speech has been acquired, it is often a constant and hard to understand, and most important of all, as soon as the daily drill in speech, and the careful correction of mistakes, is stopped, and the pupil is sent into the world, the hard earned speech rapidly grows worse, and is soon laid aside entirely, and the pencil, signs and the finger alphabet, are taken up.

The editor of the Minnesota Companion, than whom among the deaf there is no more wide-awake and progressive individual in the profession of educating the deaf, has this to say concerning the trend of events "in the East," towards dispensing with the services of the deaf teacher of the deaf. Bro. Smith only speaks when he has something to say, and in the present instance hits the nail on the head with characteristic vigor:

It is significant that the veterans of the profession, the warm loyal years of experience would seem to have given wisdom. In such matters, are strong advocates of the employment of a reasonable proportion of deaf teachers in schools for the deaf. Among these such names are found as Pest, Gallaudet, Gillett, Wilkinson, Noyes. But a new generation of Pharisees seems to be rising, that knows no Joseph, and the deaf teacher is doomed to fall a sacrifice to new ideas. So be it; if it can be proved that their employment is in any way disadvantageous to the minds and characters of deaf children, none will more readily acquiesce in the decree than the deaf teachers themselves. The tendency in some quarters, today, is to make of speech-teaching an idol, and to sacrifice to it everything that the worshippers imagine stands in its way. Let them take heed, however, that their idol has not feet of clay that will some day bring it toppling down.

SUPERINTENDENT WALKER, of the Kansas Institution, who has, during the past ten years been making strenuous efforts to improve the institution over which he presides, is just now in a happy state of mind. Both houses of the Kansas Legislature have passed a bill appropriating \$18,000 for a new chapel building and an electric light plant. This is very different from the wail sent forth from the Ohio In-

stitution, which was obliged to suspend study recently because of the poor light given by the penitentiary-manufactured gas.

THE Institution at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, has been closed for the balance of the school year, on account of typhoid fever. Three pupils have died, and in order that no more victims may be claimed by the dread disease, Superintendent Spear, by advice of physicians, has sent all home. The cause of the sickness is the bad sanitary conditions of the present school buildings. It is expected that the new institution will be ready for the reception of pupils in September, and then all will be notified and school work once more resumed.

WHISPERS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is Cor. Wicklow and Market Streets, Brighton, Mass.

The World's Fair Club held a pleasant reception on St. Patrick's Day, with an attendance of over seventy persons. The auction was the most amusing feature of it. The prizes fetched for the ladies under the hammer varied from 15 cents to \$3.15, this last price being paid for Mrs. Bigelow by Mr. Henry Acheson, and as a consequence, he won the prize for making the highest bid, a white embossed picture frame. A goodly contingent of Lynntites was present.

There was a large audience at Mr. Frank W. Bigelow's lecture at the Boston Society last Wednesday. His subject was an interesting story of journalist life, and he gave a graphic description of the efforts of a reporter of the *Daily Morning Gazette* to gather in all the news of a startling nature. Mr. Bigelow chose this subject with the view of getting back at the deaf-mute reporters, who have made his pet society the target of their criticism lately. The other members bantered the quill-drivers unmercifully at several points in the lecture, but the reporters took it all in good part and enjoyed Mr. Bigelow's effort as much as he did. They can take as well as give.

Mrs. Folsom, of Lowell, has been in Boston for nine weeks, hovering like a guardian angel over the bedside of her brother, Howard Mayberry, who has been at the City Hospital all that time suffering from an abscess, which required two operations, and the doctors cannot tell yet how soon he will be able to get out on his legs once more. It is a pity that such a robust, healthy young man has been brought so low.

Mrs. Wilbur N. Pattee has recovered well enough to be carried home, but it will be some time before she is able to move about and attend to her household duties.

Fred Wood's father received a personal invitation to the Inauguration Ceremonies from his "fishing chum" President Cleveland.

Mr. Reynolds's paper, the *Advocate*, has made its appearance in Boston frequently of late, and the manner in which it has leaped like a fully-armed warrior into journalism without the tedious process of infant nursing usual with other papers of the deaf, was a matter of astonishment. Almost from the first number, a battle royal between the advocates of the manual and oral systems was waged in its columns. To judge from its matter and tone, the *Advocate* will be what its name implies—the Deaf Mutes' own paper. Prof. Reynolds now has a chance of distinguishing himself by his ready command of English and fearless independence.

Mrs. Farley has an interesting niece, a little girl, who was so inquisitive about the advent of the new baby in the house that she was put off with the story that the interesting little stranger was brought in a flour barrel. This was an expensive story, however, for when the next barrel of flour came in, the little girl went to work emptying all the flour on the floor in a vain search for another little stranger. Next time, she will be told that babies come from heaven, where she cannot reach and make mischief.

This exclusion of the deaf-mute teachers is something like the knowledge excitement of many years ago. The spirit will have its day, and on the broad portals of our institutions the legend: "No deaf-mute teachers need apply," will be inscribed, all over the land. It would seem that such an act would come with a better grace from disinterested than mistaken persons than principals whose bread which would have become stale in other occupations is buttered by the deaf. These men bite at the hand that feeds them.

Never mind; the deaf-mutes will soon have a say as to who shall be principals and who shall not. If the deaf only knew it, they have the remedy in their own hands. If they would only unite in one solid political body, they would have more influence in all matters that concern themselves and command more respect.

"DAN" WAS HELD UP.
Yesterday afternoon about 2:30 o'clock the power in the Troy laundry stopped suddenly and the foreman, J. Daniel Nichols started for the engine room to look the matter up. He did not go very far, however, before he was "held up" by the shop's crew whose smiling faces denoted that something was up. While he was still wondering what it meant, G. H. Ingalls stepped forward and reminding "Dan" that he had been just 31 years on earth to-day presented him with an elegant looking jacket and a pair of gold link sleeve buttons in behalf of the proprietor and employees of the

firm, as a slight token of the regard in which he is held. After Mr. Nichols got his breath he thanked the donors in a very feeling manner.—*Lynn Daily Press.*

SUED AGAIN BECAUSE HE DIDN'T MARRY.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 16.—Adolph Stahl, clerk in a business house here, is the defendant in a suit brought by Miss Alice Heire, who is deaf and dumb. The young man was once before the defendant in a suit for breach of promise brought by the same girl, and at that time he was the occupant in a cell at the county jail for 10 days. Release was granted upon promise to arrange his love matters satisfactorily, but now Miss Heire wants the court edict upon the case.

On the occasion of Mr. Docharty's amusing lecture on "Peck's Bad Boy" at Salem, about eight Lynntites went to attend it. "Old Shoe" was one of them.

The "fair widow of Brighton" says that the report about the date of her marriage in the early Spring is wrong, but she is shy about telling the exact date of her wedding.

Harry Babbitt has been requested by the proper authorities to prepare a paper on "Oralism from the Standpoint of Practical Experience" for the World's Congress of the Deaf. Harry is a graduate of both the Horace Mann School and Hartford Institute, and an ex-student of the college. Altogether, he will be able to furnish an interesting essay on the subject from the leaves of his own book.

Bro. Hodgson might have gone further, and said that the delegates chosen by President Dougherty's nighty Council will have to foot their own bills if they attend the Congress. For this reason, the appointment is but an empty honor at best, and the different societies had better appoint their own delegates without any delay. The perfect equality between all delegates at the Congress, whether appointed by the committee or by the societies, is all right as far as it goes. There is no objection to that. So President Dougherty, our mighty dictator, has written to President Crane, of the New England Gallaudet Association, that any representative man recommended by the different societies would be accorded the same privileges of the Congress as the other delegates, this makes things even.

Miss Ella Moore, a graduate of the Horace Mann School, says that the Swiss System of wood-work mentioned in a previous letter is the same as what is called the *Sloyd*. She is earning her own living at light wood work in this way. It is a system that can be used with equal advantage by both men and women.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes assure me that Lay-Reader Friebec can preach good sermons, and that he is studying hard to improve himself and does better work than the pastor, who too often sits lolling in his chair during the service, looking as if he had no interest in it.

Mrs. Hiram F. Brown, of Worcester, it was, who won the handsome silver tea service as the dumb band prize drill at the Worcester Levee, and she is very proud of her trophy. It was one of the best prizes offered by Mr. Knight. Eugene Acheson won a cup and saucer of a costly pattern.

Mr. Hiram F. Brown has been staying in Boston for some time, and expects to stay until he starts for the World's Fair. Mr. Robert Newton Parsons will leave here on a long trip to the World's Fair on March 24th, and will try to get into Chicago in June.

I am indebted to Mr. Bigelow for this account of Hiram Livingstone's narrow escape from a street car accident. One car broke off connection with the trolley wire in Chelsea at the bottom of a steep grade. The second car, in which Mr. Livingstone happened to take a ride, was stopped behind it, but a third car came along and being unable on account of the slippery condition of the rails to check its speed, it ran into the second car, overturning it in the Street.

Several of the passengers were severely injured. Beyond a bad shock and a few scratches, Mr. Livingstone escaped unhurt, and he was thankful that he was not "electrocuted."

Mr. Pelham Creames, (What an aristocratic name!) has a steady situation in one of two laundries, the Hotel & Steamboat and Canton Street laundries, which his enterprising brother controls. He earns good wages, being an expert in his trade.

The Horace Mann School Association Board of officers held a special meeting at Miss Flagg's house to devise ways and means for a second semi-annual reception, and it was voted to hold a Fancy Dress Party with a little theatrical play or other attractions thrown in. The meeting was adjourned for further consideration, to meet again at Miss Gertrude C. Miller's house. Alvah Orent tried very hard to get up a Crinoline Party, but the young ladies voted it down. Alvah, however, says that he will wear a fancy dress of Crinoline make up by barrel hoops.

Miss Flagg's mother and her sister, Mrs. Price, have bought Hotel Union, an apartment house of twenty suites yielding a handsome income, on Shawmut Avenue, for the round sum of \$90,000.

Mr. A. A. Small has decided to stay at his present job in the extensive hot-house gardens of his old employers in Belmont, and has given up the idea of moving up to Brighton. Mr. Lane, however, is still working in Brookline, and expects to stay there for good.

Mr. Hansen is back at his old place in Neponset, Mass., and is doing pretty well. He says other deaf-mutes have been there after the same job, but there is no room for any more men.

Boston now calls the C. R. S., "Mr. Mutual Benefit in a Woman's

Dress." If we only had Abram Frantz, the famous college cartoonist whose clever pictures of the old Kendall Hoss and Gallaudet Donkey Base-Ball Clubs of yore, with us, what an inexhaustible fund of humor we could have at the expense of that society!

Miss Duane, a graduate of the Beverly School, had a narrow escape from being burnt up in the holocaust of Boston's big fire last week. She was working in Cheerer's Paper-Box Factory, and on the first alarm, rushed down the long flights of stairs through clouds of smoke and flames of fire with the lucky few who escaped in that manner. Some of the other girls were too late, and when their means of escape was cut off, they jumped from the windows and fell upon the network of wires on the street, rebounding back into the street, severely injured. Miss Duane was sought out by the Boston reporters and found at her home in Brighton suffering from utter exhaustion, but otherwise unhurt. It was a close shave for her. I believe she is all right now.

Mr. Coughlin, of South Boston, was roughly handled by another man at the big fire, receiving several severe injuries about the face. The police took them both in, and Mr. Coughlin was released on his own recognizance to appear as a witness against his assailant. I have not heard of the outcome yet.

Miss Sullivan, the teacher of Helen Keller, met with a bad accident, soon after they both arrived in Boston. She fell on the slippery sidewalk and sustained a sprain on her ankle, and is confined to a friend's house in Chelsea. Helen stays by her side, manifesting much solicitude about her friend's condition.

A VISIT TO EDITH THOMAS.

Edith Thomas, the blind deaf-mute at the Perkins Institute, shows little of the deaf-mutism in her language, as "Free Lance" found, after a good hour's conversation with her. She uses ordinary English with remarkable facility, and is never at loss to answer questions on subjects that other children of her age are supposed to be familiar with. Her teacher, Miss Markham, has done wonders for her interesting pupil, and will be able to do even much better by her. Edith is now fourteen years of age, and has been reading Miss Alcott's "Little Women," and the "Pilgrim's Progress." Edith spoke of enjoying Bunyan's work very much. It was interesting to watch the lightning-like rapidity with which the teacher and pupil talked. The sense of touch must be keener than that of sight, as a messenger to the mind, for it is no easy task to catch the words that the teacher spells in Edith's hand. In reply to my queries, Miss Markham said she knew of but one case of the blind marrying the blind, and that in this instance there were no children, but she knew several blind couples to have children who inherited the same misfortune from them. The blind marrying the blind and having blind children—what does this show? But as in the case of deaf-mutes, Miss Markham remarked: "You can not always tell how things will turn out."

THE BEVERLY SCHOOL.

Friends of the School at Beverly, which has been doing noble work against great difficulties for many years, will be pained to learn that the State Legislature will refuse to appropriate its annual grant of \$2,000 this session, on account of the general feeling against giving a part of the public funds to private institutions. There is no question of the kindly feeling of all members of the Legislature toward the School and its object, but a sense of public duty compels them to stop their generous grants of money to the Institute. The School will get along as before, thanks to individual support. Its good work is nowhere else better recognized than in Beverly, and all the citizens will stand shoulder to shoulder in assisting the work of the school.

In this connection, however, the best course for the school to pursue would be to offer all its property to the State, and let the Governor, by and with the advice of the Council, appoint a Board of Trustees, thus putting it under State control. Its continued existence would then be more certain, and its progress under the liberal patronage of the State would soon place it in the front rank. An institution for the Combined System is much needed in Massachusetts. There are two flourishing oral schools, but the Beverly School has always led a precarious existence under its private Board of Trustees. As long as the Beverly School continues under its private management, its usefulness will be curtailed, and it prevents the establishment of another institution under the Combined System in this State. The Beverly School has a splendid opportunity to enlarge its usefulness as a State institution. Whether it will take advantage of the chance open to it remains to be seen. The friends of the School can not wish it better luck than to hope that it will put itself under State control.

FREE LANCE.

NOTICE.

Deaf-mutes are cordially invited to a service in sign-language in St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport, Ct., next Sunday, March 26th, at 3 P.M.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Ball to be Held During Presentation Week.

Easter Vacation Postponed.

MINOR NOTES.

From our College Correspondent.

For years past, it has been customary for the graduates of the College to give a ball in honor of the Senior Class during Presentation Week, and, except on one or two occasions when various adverse circumstances made the project impracticable, the custom has been steadily maintained up to the present day. Thursday, the four lower classes met in the Lyceum to determine whether or not Ninety-three should be thus honored. The matter was obviously regarded favorably by all, for not a single argument was advanced against it. On the contrary, sentiment was strongly in favor of it, and, when put to vote, was carried unanimously. The following committee was elected to manage the affair: Sheridan and Divine, '94; Howard and Marcosson, '95; Hubbard and Brennan, '96; and Smiley, '97. The committee met after the adjournment of the meeting, and made the following appointments: Chairman, Sheridan, '94; Treasurer, Howard, '95; Floor Committee, Howard, '95, Prompter, Divine and Sheridan, '94; Marcosson, '95, and Brennan, '96; Music, Divine, '94, and Howard, '95; Decorations, Divine, '94, and Brennan, '96; Printing, Marcosson, '95, and Smiley, '97. Hubbard, '96, has the arduous job of supervising the transformation of the gymnasium into a ball room, a task that is by no means a sinecure. The date set for the event is the 28th of April. This is creditably earlier than usual, but the ball will be all the more enjoyable on that account. During May—the month in which this event usually occurs—the nights are quite warm, as a rule, and the gymnasium becomes intolerably hot and suffocating when a ball is given. The twenty-eighth, it is hoped, will be a clear, cool evening, and if this proves the case, it will add greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. Appearances indicate that the ball will prove one of the best we have ever had. Treasurer Howard reports that funds are fast pouring into the treasury, so it is evident that there will be no difficulty in meeting the expenses of the undertaking, nor will it be necessary to exercise such strict economy in making expenditures as circumstances have compelled in the past. Nearly every one, from Duck to Senior, devotes an hour daily to practice, those who can dance instructing those who can not. It is more fun than a barrel of monkeys, to see the Ducks, every evening after supper, go up to the Lyceum, bow to a chair with the grace of a Chesterfield, lift it up and go waltzing around with that look of solemn gravity so many people wear when dancing, as though a waltz were by no means a diversion, on the contrary, a very serious matter that must be gone through at all hazards. Invitations will soon be out, and a large crowd will doubtless be present. The music will probably be furnished by Douch and his orchestra—at any rate, it is hoped it will, for Douch has a partiality for Strauss' waltzes, and the desire of hearing them rendered is sure to bring a crowd of hearing people from the city. One thing that is greatly to be desired, is to see more students conform to the usages of good society, by appearing in dress-suits. It adds immensely to the general good appearance of an event of this nature when all the gentlemen wear the immaculate swallow tail, and correspondingly detracts from it when they don't.

Owing to the fact that a great number of prominent people, who usually attend Presentation Day exercises, will be in Chicago during May, the faculty have to hold Presentation week during the last of April instead of in May. This change makes Presentation Day fall on April 26th, instead of May 3d, the usual date. President and Mrs. Cleveland are expected to be present—some even hope to see Baby Ruth—as well as a large number of other notables. Ninety-three is the largest class that has ever graduated from the college, having a total membership of twelve. One of them, Miss Tiegel, will be the second young lady to receive a degree. The class has, during its five years' course, made a most creditable record, both in scholarship and athletics, and it will be with sincere regret that the undergraduates bid them good-bye. The programme of Presentation Day's exercises has not yet been announced, but it is probable that on account of the size of the class, only six orations will be delivered. President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, will deliver an address.

At the request of a number of students the faculty have postponed the Easter vacation, which usually occurs during the first week in April, until the second week of that month. The reason for this is that those who camp out at the usual time, generally find their outing spoiled by inclement

weather. When one is soaked by rain during the day and frozen at night, it requires considerable enthusiasm to keep up an appearance of cheerfulness. Mark Tapley himself could hardly be jolly under such circumstances. The weather will, in all probability, be much more agreeable later, and will give those who are fond of camping out a much more agreeable stay. Great Falls, as usual, has been selected as the site.

Base-ball is, at present, the principal topic of reading-room conversation. Beside the challenge from the Princeton second nine, mention of which was made in last week's letter, Manager Stewart has also received a challenge from the Episcopal High School of Alexandria. The latter has been accepted, but the date is not yet fixed. It is probable, though, that the game will come off inside of a month. The Kendall nine began practice Monday afternoon, and will soon be in trim for the season's work.

The "District League" of ball clubs from the various colleges and athletic associations in the District has been formed. The Kendalls were invited to join it, but the old stumbling block "insufficient finances" prevented the nine from doing so. This lack of funds has greatly obstructed the advancement of the Kendall Athletic Association, for a long time past, and, unless the Association manages, in some way, to secure a fund, the interest of which will cover all expenses, it will continue to be at a disadvantage with other organizations of a similar nature.

President Gallaudet and family gave a reception to the Sophomore, Freshman and Introductory classes, Saturday evening. All had a very enjoyable time.

Muller, '95, left college, Saturday. "Theo" has had very poor health of late, and the confinement of college life made it advisable for him to sever his connection with the college for the present. He has gone South for the summer, but it is thought, will return in September.

Janitor Henson, who astonished the boys by getting married on the 21st of last June, is again receiving congratulations. The youngster came on Monday, the 20th, and, so Harry declares, is the finest chap of his size in the District. F. J. B. KENDALL GREEN, 3-20-'93.

Report of the School Committee of the Pa-sa-Pas Club.

We, the undersigned committee, appointed by the Pa-sa-Pas Club to inquire into the needs and prospects of a northern State institution for the deaf, respectfully submit the following report.

The Chicago Day School for the Deaf and Dumb were open in 1870, in a room of the La Salle Street School Building. It was moved the same year to the new Franklin School Building, and later to a room used as an office by the Board of Education. After the great fire, the school was closed until 1875, when it was reopened in the building rented for the Jones School. Next it was moved to the new Jones School Building. In 1878, moved to the Third Avenue School Building. In 1879, it was moved to the Newboys' Home, where a room was rented for it.

In 1879, the North Side School was opened in a rented room in Hammond Street. This was moved in 1883 to the basement of the Sheldon School. In 1890, it was moved to 102 Fuller Avenue, rented room. Closed during the fall of 1892. Re-opened in 1893 in a building rented for Lake View, No. 3.

The South Side School was first opened in the Third Avenue School. In 1885, moved to a rented room corner State and Archer Avenues. In 1886, to 250—21st Street, which was rented. In 1892, to the Haven School.

The West Side School has not been so unfortunate, having removed from the first in the old High School Building on Monroe Street.

The second West Side School was opened in the Kosciusko School, and afterward moved to Wickup Park.

This leaf from the history of these schools, shows the way they have been tossed about. If there is a room for which there is no other use, the deaf children can have it until it is wanted. Is this right? Is it just? Under the circumstances how can these schools be successful?

As to the future, there is nothing to indicate that it will be in any way different from the past. The room in the Wickup Park is badly needed, and, indeed, last fall, the City Superintendent of Schools ordered that branch removed to the West Division High School. Only after a personal visit, seeing the size of the pupils and learning that such a move would virtually break up the school, did he rescind the order. To make matters worse, the room there is very small. With nine pupils, there is not room to turn around. The articulation work is done in the office, the use of which the principal kindly offered.

The Monroe Street School is in a building which has been condemned, and is to be torn down. The school buildings in that part of the city are crowded. Where a place can be found for the deaf and dumb is a problem.

The North Side School is in a rented building.

There is still another thing. No one wants the deaf and dumb in the Public School buildings. The principals do not, for it creates confusion. The school board do not, for they take up room badly needed for a much larger number. There are even

parents who do not. Some time ago, a woman called on a member of the board and protested against "those little dummies having a room at Wickup Park; that it was a shame and disgrace to have them in the same building with other children." Lastly, the deaf themselves do not, from the nature of the case. So long as they are, the schools cannot be what they should be.

It must be evident to any one who gives the subject the least particle of intelligent thought, that to be permanently successful, these schools must be permanently located and in their own building. To accomplish this is our object.

The School Board cannot help us. It said last fall to the Superintendent of the Schools for the Deaf: "Study the question, and find a place where these deaf children can all attend and you shall have the rooms necessary." He was forced to answer that centralization of all schools was simply out of the question. It must be remembered that Chicago is a great city—25 miles from northern to southern boundary.

The children who attend these schools are scattered all over this territory. There is no spot where they can all gather. The vast majority are too poor to pay car-fare. Moreover, what will you do with these little fellows ear-stopped, tongues stilled, and who can not be trusted to take a car and go alone through the rush and bustle of the city. But if they have money for car-fare and are old enough to go alone, how long will it take them, on an average, to go to and from school?

Arrangements must be made to receive these children and take care of them. Some can go home every night; others only on Fridays; still others must be cared for during the entire school year. Just here lies the reason why the School Board cannot help us.

Before we close, we wish to meet an objection that will certainly come up. Why not send these children to the State Institution for the Deaf at Jacksonville. That school, from one of the smallest in the country, has grown to be the largest in the world. Its numbers have steadily increased. Last year the enrollment was 576. Investigation will show that its buildings are crowded, badly overcrowded. For instance, in the little boys' cottage, every bed holds three little fellows that was intended for only one. Every legislature is begged to appropriate money for increased accommodations. Allowing for the natural growth, it would not be possible for that school to receive and properly care for 75 additional pupils. Again, we believe that school is already too large. The deaf child needs pre-eminently personal attention, "special training and instruction outside of the hours of school," which they cannot receive where so many of them are herded together. No man, no matter how great may be his executive ability; no machinery, however, perfect, can remedy this grave defect.

But we cannot send these children to Jacksonville, for another reason. Because a child is deaf and dumb, is he any the less an object of parental affection? Is it any wonder that parents rebel at sending their little ones far away where they must remain nine months of the year? New York State has seven State schools for the deaf, two being in the city of New York. Pennsylvania has two, one being in Philadelphia, Chicago, according to census of 1890, had four hundred and seventy-one deaf-mutes under twenty-one, and this year not less than six hundred, and to say nothing of those in the northern part of the State. Simple justice demands that these children have the chance to obtain an education near their own homes.

Under the more liberal management of the new superintendent, our city schools for the deaf have flourished, but owing to the difficulties that surround them, they will never be accessible to the great majority of deaf children until some means are provided for boarding them. Your committee recommends that the club use its influence to secure private, city or State aid to carry out this purpose, and we believe if this boarding school is once successful, the State will willingly assume its entire management. All of which is respectfully submitted.

O. H. REGENSBURG, Chairman,
C. C. CODMAN,
F. P. GIBSON,
J. J. KLEINHANS,
BEN. FRANK,
G. T. DOUGHERTY,
Committee.

Mr. E. D. Hunter, who been employed as a compositor on the Bozeman, Mont., Chronicle, will return to Chicago, where his family reside, as the paper mentioned has suspended publication.

Mr. George S. Porter, editor of the *Silent Worker*, and Instructor of Printing at the Trenton, N. J., Institution, was made happy on Thursday morning, March 16th. On that date his wife presented him with a little baby girl.

The committee on the Fair for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, request those who intend to make donations, to bring the articles to St. Ann's Church, on Thursday evenings at eight o'clock.

It is whispered that Miss Lizzie Fahl, of Pittsburg, and Josiah Misher, of Johnston, will consummate their engagement with the "blossoms" of Spring, as also Mrs. Phillips, of a place near Harrisburg, and Henry M. Hugh, of Johnston. It is reported besides, that Cupid will at no distant date will "victimize" another deaf-mute couple.

CHICAGO.

Don't Forget the "Samples" at the World's Fair.

REV. A. W. MANN IS SICK.

City and Suburban Notes.

From our Chicago Correspondent.

A bit of curiosity well directed and properly shown will secure to a visitor at the coming Columbian Exposition a good many samples of the patent preparations of articles of food, drink, and general utility. I should advise the visitor to evince a seemingly deep interest in exhibits of whatever line his preferences and his tastes may lead, and while no amount of curiosity will secure any one a valuable article, they will undoubtedly secure once or two-ounce samples of the line that is being exhibited. I remembered having accumulated quite a large quantity of pretty good lithographs, samples of grits or cracked wheat, several fine steel tools of personal utility at the Cincinnati Centennial Exhibition in 1887. In no case did I ask for a sample, and even in some I appeared reluctant to abuse (?) the generosity of the exhibitors, but the modus operandi was to appear wishing to learn the whys and wherefores of this and that. Such exhibitions as the Fair is to display and advertise the goods of all the countries, and samples will be given away for the merchants, and dealers will endeavor to spread the sale of their wares and create a new and profitable market for their goods, and the visitor may rest assured the samples will be of the best quality. The big strawberries doth get to the top of the box. The main buildings are ready for their loads, but I am afraid that all the numerous State buildings will not be ready at the time of the opening.

The Rev. W. A. Mann did not hold services at St. Clement's Sunday afternoon. He took quite sick at St. Louis, and was compelled to cancel his date here. No one seems to know the nature of his illness, but all hope it will be temporary and that the reverend worker will be around shortly.

Philip J. Hasenstab held services at the Methodist Church, Sunday afternoon, to a well filled room. Among those attending was Miss Hampton, an intelligent colored girl from Ohio, who is in Chicago looking for a situation in the bookbinding line, and Mrs. Sherard and her six-year-old boy, whom she has finally obtained from the obdurate authorities of the Children's Home. The kid is an unusually intelligent one, quite a chatterbox, and a favorite with all he comes into contact with. By an agreement with the party that had adopted him without his mother's consent, and from whom she had to resort to law to secure possession of her son, the boy will be returned on the first of next month to be raised, the mother having a right to see him as often as she pleases.

Quite a large party of young bloods are booked for a progressive euchre party in a South Side suburb on Saturday, the 25th inst. Hank Beaman's La Salle Street Sunday School Class will be largely represented.

The census of Pullman mutes has been swelled by one, Mr. West from Springfield, O., having secured a position as blacksmith's helper there. That suburb of Chicago seems to be an unusually good one for the deaf, there being some fifteen employed in and about the car shops in various capacities. Many are married and raising families.

Miss Carrie Coel gave an enjoyable party to her large circle of mute friends at her home in Evanston, the seat of the University of Chicago. Cards, conversation, dancing and toothsome delicacies, made time pass swiftly. Quite a good story is told on Fred Hartung and Matt Schutler in connection with the event. After adjourning for the night at an late hour in the morning they developed an abnormal thirst which nothing but the extract of hops and malt could assuage. They hunted high and low, but alas! it was not until late that they discovered they were in a total abstinence district, and it was with a sense of heartfelt relief that they struck the outskirts of Chicago.

Private advices from a trustworthy source enables me to say that the Committee on Rooms will soon make its report in regard to the prices and locations of rooms during the World's Fair. The report will probably be published in the JOURNAL in a week or two. While I am on this matter, I wish to advise those proposing to come to Chicago not to be too precipitate in engaging rooms. Some Pittsburg parties are reported as having secured rooms at Blue Island, sixteen miles from the city, which is too far away for comfort and proper enjoyment of such an occasion. Bide ye a bee, and you will fare better.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held one of its most enjoyable meetings. Story-telling and a declamation were the order of the exercises. Mrs. George T. Dougherty rendering Whittier's quaint

and popular poem, "Maud Muller," in a style that reflected credit upon her handling of the sign-language, and instructed the audience. Mr. Cotton, the newly-admitted member, recounted his experiences in Chicago, forty years ago, when the real live Indians were more numerous, than their present counterfeit representatives now standing in front of cigar stores.

BOHEME.

CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport is a fast-growing city, with many fine residences in which dwell some deaf-mutes of intelligence. One of the most enjoyable mid-winter sociables was held at the fine residence of Mr. and Mrs. Munger. They entertained their deaf friends with a splendid supper.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cook, of this city, celebrated their 10th wedding-anniversary last Tuesday. A splendid turkey dinner and supper were tendered those present.

Two or three mutes contemplate leaving this city together some time this year, and going West to make fortunes.

Robert D. Livingstone has decided to leave this city for Washington State, as he finds that the climate here can't agree with his health. He will be ready to go there after his visit in Chicago the coming summer, or in the fall.

Miss Marie Wren, of Bridgeport, a pretty semi-mute of nineteen, a daughter of a millionaire, is a very graceful dancer and a belle at the balls, so the Bridgeport paper says. She is always dressed up in the highest style, and has many admirers.

Mrs. Frank Roberts, of New York, who has been spending one week at the residence of Mrs. Beers, returned home last week.

Last Friday evening, John Muth and William Munger, on leaving Bridgeport for Norwalk, saw a stout young man save a well dressed child from being crushed to pieces by an express train on the New York & New Haven R. R. On arriving at Norwalk, Muth and Munger met Miss Tillie Hericht and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nevers. They all went to Portchester, N. Y. At the depot there, they were joined by Messrs. Livingston and Williams, of New Haven, Mrs. Abe Marshall, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Bartlett and some others, to attend a surprise party tendered Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Marshall, at their new residence in Portchester, N. Y., on Friday evening, March 17th.

About thirty deaf-mutes were present, besides a few hearing friends. The evening was very pleasantly spent in dancing and game-playing. At midnight an elegant supper provided by the guests was served. The party broke up in the early morning, all having enjoyed themselves immensely.

Mrs. Martling and Miss Annie Betts managed the affair. Mrs. Marshall was surprised and pleased to get so many useful presents from her friends. Mr. Marshall arose, and made a short speech for his wife, and said his wife thanked her friends for their kind remembrance of her. He showed the guests a large frame photograph of himself, given him by his wife. She was assisted by Mrs. Martling and Miss Betts in entertaining the guests. The young men present found Misses Annie and Minnie Betts most polite and agreeable young ladies. At the party were R. Livingston, John Muth, William McCue, Bertie Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, Miss Axt, Mrs. Bartlett and son, Mr. McEachen, Mr. Raymond, Mrs. Bunker, Miss Edith Marshall and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Nevers, Miss Tillie Hericht, Mr. Drumm, Mr. Williams, the penman, Mr. Blakely, Mr. Black, Mrs. Abe Marshall, Mr. William Munger, and many others. Mr. Abe Marshall and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Beers had intended to be present at the party, but a severe cold kept them indoors.

Miss Nellie Kennedy, daughter of Col. Henry Kennedy, of Hartford, Conn., was married to Mr. William Bilkins, of Hartford, last Wednesday, at the bride's home on Asylum Avenue. The maid of honor was Miss Clark, of Winsted, and the best man was J. H. Buck, of Hartford. One of the ushers was a Yale student of '93. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white Bengaline, ornamented with pearl trimmings. The maid of honor was in white, with trimmings of yellow, and carried a bunch of daffodils. An elaborate supper was served by Habenstein. After the ceremony, there was music by an orchestra band.

Mr. Charles Fish, of Kensington, N. H., is visiting his mother and relatives in Danby, Vt.

March 20.

TRAVELER.

Correction.

Samuel B. Wyckoff was married to Elizabeth Harrison. She was his first wife. She died in 1837, leaving an only son, who is Principal of the School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Samuel B. Wyckoff died at his home on January 13th, 1889, in Dean's Corners, Saratoga County, N. Y.

Rev. C. O. Dautzer's Appointment.

MARCH.
23.—7:30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
26.—11:15 A.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
28.—4 P.M., Trinity, Utica.
29.—7:30 P.M., Zion's, Rome.

COLUMBUS.

New York Board of Charities Anent the Institution of the Deaf.

DEATH OF MISS CYNTHIA THOMPSON.

Mr. P. M. Donigian, of Turkey, Visits the Institution—Notes.

(From our Columbus correspondent.)

We have seen the report of the New York State Board of Charities anent the Institutions of the Deaf and Dumb, prepared by Hon. W. R. Stewart. The conclusions he reaches upon the results of his investigations smack strongly in favor of the Oralists, as against the Combined Method. There is much taffy for the former, and little or no recommendation for the latter, which has brought the education of the deaf in America, up to its present high standard.

That portion of his report, in which he favors a law prohibiting the employment of the deaf as teachers, is a slur upon our class, and should be resented in no uncertain sound. We are not at all surprised at the opinion he has thus formed. It is a conclusion reached by all who are not familiar with the education of the deaf, and who imagine Tom, Dick and Harry can do the work just as well. How utterly impossible!

The Honorable Commissioner's opinion is certainly not based on knowledge and long association with the deaf, or he would not have been so swift to condemn that which men who have made the calling their life walk would uphold. Rather are we inclined to the opinion that the commissioner is a pessimist, finding fault because he could not converse with the deaf teachers except by pencil and paper, or through means of a third person. We are led to this opinion from the fact that many who favor the pure oral method are of that class, who either do not know signs or dislike to converse with the deaf as above stated, because it is a hindrance. The commissioner, in his report, fails to tell us whether the deaf teacher, or any with whom he came in contact during his rounds of the Institutions, lacked in their educational qualities, or were unable to talk to him in good English. Had it been shown that the deaf teachers he met had failed to come up in this requirement, there might have been some excuse for his discrimination against the deaf as teachers. This omission on his part forces us to conclude that he is strongly impregnated with the Oral Method, and has endeavored to give it official sanction through a State Report.

Is it not rather curious that the commissioner was able to discover imperfections of language on the slates of pupils taught by a deaf teacher, and none by those under a hearing teacher? Why this distinction? A person familiar with the deaf would have noticed this defect, and made no comments on it, certainly not at the expense of the teacher, deaf or hearing, but rather to the pupil's notion of thinking. Had the commissioner been a veteran among the deaf, this defect on the part of pupils would not have been given the prominence in his report he has bestowed upon it.

Admitting there are deaf teachers in institutions who are not the peers of some of the hearing ones employed therein, but their knowledge of signs and command of fair language does not prevent them from taking a young class and starting it on the road of knowledge. In this respect their readiness in the use of signs is far more advantageous to the young pupils than a professor of great learning, but who does not know how to communicate with his charges. Of course all deaf teachers are not successful teachers, and the same is true of the hearing. Let us be charitable and give due praise to each. This only can be done when the sole aim is to attain the best possible method and means to help the deaf child along in its education. There is one other point in the commissioner's report that is absurd, to say the least, in that, he questions the usefulness of a teacher after attaining his fortieth year. What would become of an institution if every man and woman in the profession had to step down and out and give place to younger blood at 40? The schools would certainly fail in the object for which they were established. Were such a rule in force there would be no Gallaudets, Peets, Fays, Gillets and other men who have done so much for the education of the deaf. We have always thought that a man, in whatever profession, was at his best when he had attained his fortieth year. It is then that wisdom, judgment and discernment predominate in the discharge of duties, in the accomplishment of the work assigned to him.

Such a rule would debar a great many persons from entering the profession, or if they did it would be for only a few years to prepare themselves for some other calling. The result would be a continual change of teachers and to the detriment of the

schools. There would be no ripe, experienced teachers, no grand results; but, on the other hand, demoralization. Suppose the rule should be applied to all other departments State and National, we can imagine what sort of a system of government would be the outcome, but we have no fears of such a law ever being enacted, hence we drop the subject.

Miss Thompson, of the Articulation Department, on Monday night received a telegram to the effect that her sister was dying. She left on the first train, only to reach home the next morning to find that her sister had departed for the great beyond. Those who were at the last reunion will remember Miss Cynthia Thompson, who mingled among them, and seemed to greatly enjoy the gathering and meeting of old school friends. No one then thought that she was so soon to be called hence, but she is gone to the land where reunions are perpetual. She became a pupil of the Institution in 1836, and left at the end of 6 years. She was quiet and ladylike in her demeanor, and was beloved by all who came in contact with her. She seemed particularly anxious to attend the reunion last summer, and to meet once more friends and associates of former years. The cause of her death was paralysis. Mrs. Hale, a former visitor attendant here during the administration of Dr. G. O. Fay, and later matron of the Minnesota Institution for the Deaf, is a sister of the deceased.

Rev. John Turner spent a few hours here Tuesday. He was on his way home from Louisville, Ky., where he had held religious services for the deaf on Sunday.

On Wednesday morning the Institution had within its walls a real live Turk. There wasn't much curiosity about him. He looked and acted just like other white men. The only difference in this respect was the color of his skin which was a little more dark, and had it not been known that he was a Turk, he would have passed as a white man. His name is P. M. Donigian, and he has been in Louisville, studying medicine. He was brought to the Institution by Miss Alice Prouty, during chapel exercises, wherein he gave a short talk upon school and social life in Turkey which interested all.

The Crandon Club gave another entertainment Saturday afternoon, in the boys' playroom. The play was entitled "Rocky Mountain Wail." A number of the girls were allowed to come over to witness it. The sum realized from admission, reached \$2.65, part of which goes to the Home Fund.

Mr. Zorn, of the teaching force, left for his home at North Baltimore yesterday afternoon, on business. He will be back some time to-night.

March 18, '93. A. B. G.

Baltimore.

The society held its regular literary meeting on Wednesday night, March 15th. As a rule, the participants did themselves credit, and a good deal of improvement was noticed in their delivery. The exercises began with a very interesting story by President McElroy, entitled, "A Five-Pound Note." He was followed by Mr. Miller, who told about the sagacity of horses. Then came Mrs. Unsworth with a good story, "The Little Match Girl." The dialogue was omitted, because of the absence of one of the participants. Then a mock trial for a breach of promise of marriage took place, and caused a good deal of laughter. The plaintiff was awarded one cent damage by the jury. The programme ended with a beautiful declamation by Miss Schuman, entitled "The only Refuge."

Mr. George W. Baron finding the work in the Shoe Factory very irksome, gave it up, and is now employed in a box factory at good wages.

Last week Mr. Alfred Peast went to Pittsburg, with the intention of permanently locating there. But he soon got disgusted with the Smoky City, and returned here at once.

Mr. Wm. A. Faulkner, who was recently married to a hearing lady, has rented a small place near his parents, and they will start housekeeping early in April.

The other day while Messrs. Unsworth, Underwood and Gill, were strolling along Light Street Bridge, a bicyclist came riding at a fast pace, and struck Mr. Unsworth near the arm. Strange to say Mr. Unsworth did not even receive a scratch, while the rider went sprawling over the floor. He got up and limped painfully away without saying a word.

Mr. Geo. Leitner was granted a week's leave of absence from his work in the cotton mill. He went to Franklinville Saturday evening, to spend his allotted time among his relatives there.

Mr. Chas. Paulus was a visitor at the Society's hall on Sunday evening, accompanied by his friend, Mr. John C. Weiss.

Miss Maggie Schuman will soon pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Trundle, at their home in Centerville.

Mr. Frank Ving will be confirmed in Grace Protestant Episcopal Church by Rev. A. C. Powell in a Sunday or two.

The society will hold a special business meeting to-night to transact business of importance.

HARRY W.

March 20, '93.

Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, a deaf-mute lady of New York City, has donated \$300 to the Endowment Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. It was given through Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, on Tuesday, March 21st.

ST. LOUIS.

Church Work Prospering.

WILL HAVE THE CLUB INCORPORATED.

Preparing for Chicago—After the Dog Went, the Tramp Came.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

The very fine weather of last Sunday was largely instrumental in drawing out about seventy mutes to Christ's Church Cathedral, where the usual afternoon services were held by Revs. Mann and Cloud, and confirmation administered to seven mutes by Bishop Tuttle. The interesting but brief sermon was well delivered, and within about a half-hour, Messrs. Guss, Kribs, Alfred King and Mandeville, Mrs. Burns and Misses Fleighman and Vollmer were kneeling on the rail and given the sacred rite of confirmation.

Since Rev. Cloud took charge of the young propagating mission three years ago, thirty-three persons have been received into his church through confirmation, besides the old members of Rev. Mann's. Let the good work go on. They are the happy possessors of a \$50 bill, donated by a rich hearing lady in the West End for their benefit.

Last Thursday was the club's business meeting, and it was as funny as it could be. After President Schaub had been exonerated to attend the silver anniversary of Frederick B. Brownell's entrance in the car shops as an apprentice, of which he is president to-day, together with Messrs. Guss and Froning and some ladies. The chair was occupied pro tempore by Smith, Hunter and Dieckmann. For the third consecutive time, the matter of sending a representative out of the club members to the convention at Chicago, was tabled down. Col. C. P. Walbridge, the Republican candidate for Mayor, will call some of our boys to his house and have a talk with them about getting our club incorporated. Now that we have the right man in the right place to help us in that direction, there is no doubt he will carry out the project in about two months. J. J. Brown had nerve enough to accept the responsibility as chairman of our February ball. Marcus Kerr was chosen chairman, with six others, to arrange for our annual picnic. He winked his eye, which is to let Codman and his boys know where he is at.

Miss Minnie Roberts, of Mexico, Mo., is in the city, in hopes of having her very troublesome sore eyes recuperated.

There will be orange blossoms in our community this spring. If the rumor is well based, it is that James Stuck, a fellow-member who came from Cuba, Mo., about three years ago, is going to win the hand of Miss Vollmer.

One evening last week, a very big company was at Mr. and Mrs. Hunter's home, before they moved away to Clark Avenue. The preparations for some of the ladies to stay in Chicago was discussed, and Mr. King was observed with his sleeves rolled up and hard at work collecting the names of our Hercules to compete in the tug-of-war between St. Louis and Chicago at the picnic. If he finds enough men to warrant his desire, the arrangement will be made and they will be put into form. He is also anxious to match our swift sprinter, J. E. Campbell, with one of our Windyville friends. Much to our mistake we have not yet found Mr. King to be a dead game sport, but still in the swim to stay. The fun of the evening rested with the ladies, who came near to forming a club to systematically oppose the proposed reintroduction of the "crinoline" or "hoop-skirt" into our society life. It went to pieces just at a time when it was in some danger of being carried out.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Harden are never annoyed by tramps calling in for something to eat at their peaceful country home. Their large dog is the preserver of their tranquility. Recently his neighbors have not been sleeping well o' nights, being bothered by the dog barking just to amuse himself. A complaint was made to an officer, who threatened to give the dog a dose of cold lead if he don't shut up. The next morning the dog was taken to Miss Smallwood's house in East St. Louis, with some possibility of sobering up. That afternoon a tramp called, and Mrs. Harden wondered what on earth he had come for.

Miss Josie Smallwood will shortly do the housework for Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Schultz, of Paducah, Ky., now live in East St. Louis, Ill. The husband works in this city. They were married about a year ago, the bride being Miss Eliza Blackburn.

Doubtless many will agree that we were right when we said, and kept on saying, that the next National Convention should take place in St. Louis. The West may be "wild and woolly," but it knows what it is here for.

The Republic of Thursday publishes

the following item from Belleville, Ill.:

Mr. Raph Udell and Miss Ida P. Nelson, of St. Louis, two deaf-mutes, who gave their ages as 31 and 23 years, applied to County Clerk Philip Rhein of St. Clair County yesterday for a marriage license, but were refused. Both of the parties were well dressed. The would-be bride had for a witness as to her legal right to a certificate Mr. Charles Weiss, son of Mrs. Susanna Weiss of the Belleville House, who is also a deaf-mute, and attended school at Jacksonville with Miss Nelson, but Clark Rhein desired satisfactory evidence from some reliable person not deaf and dumb that they were lawfully entitled to the certificate. Mr. Udell gave as a reason for not procuring the license in St. Louis that he desired to avoid publicity and to have a quiet wedding.

The many friends of the couple were surprised to read that item, but in Friday issue, they were relieved to find the following:

County Clerk Philip Rhein yesterday granted a marriage license to Ralph Udell and Ida P. Nelson of St. Louis, the two deaf-mutes to whom he refused a license on Thursday. Mr. Udell, who is a designer in St. Louis, was very persevering, and would not take no for an answer. He wired the mother of Miss Nelson at Rockford, Ill., and received her consent by telegraph. Clerk Rhein then granted the license and they were married in the parlors of the Belleville House by Rev. Mr. Woodley. The minister had them read the marriage service, and when satisfied that they understood it, said he would take no more of them man and wife. Dr. Waugh and Judge Phillips were the witnesses.

Now that they are married, let us congratulate them. Ralph Udell is a well-known figure here, coming from Milwaukee, Wis., last summer, and his wife came here about the same time from Rockford. Why they have sneaked out to Illinois to be tied up, instead of giving the job to our honorable Recorder of Deeds, is a question difficult to answer.

TARNES.

Pension the Old Teachers.

It has frequently been suggested in the hearing dailies that old teachers who have not the strength for further active work, or who are about to be dropped for that cause, be retired on a pension. The suggestion is just and reasonable. There is absolutely no financial fluctuation in the profession as there is in that of law, medicine and theology. All things considered it does not pay even with its steady salaries, and it calls for our very best efforts all the time. It is indeed by far more a labor of love. The fact that the State exercises a monopoly in the employment of teachers, is more reason why she should deal liberally with the old teacher. And when he has given her his whole service, thought, strength and energy, how can she disclaim part of the responsibility for the helplessness in old age? The State, by her counties, provides almshouses for those of her citizens who in the days of their prosperity paid trifling taxes, but she does not provide at all for the poor old man or woman who turned out her statesmen and legislators. True enough, the old teacher was paid for his work, but not at the price the work was worth. These remarks apply to the profession in general. We should like to see the good suggestion carried into effect in our own subdivision of the profession. If there is a harder working man in the world than the conscientious teacher of the Deaf, we do not know it. He is not allowed to make money outside his profession, the State forbids it and so does his health. He has a vacation of three months, which he spends in recuperating in strength and energy for the next session. Would it be just to drop him in old age when he has partially declined in usefulness? What then is best to be done? Why, pension the old teacher. Several of our sister Institutions have pursued this course, notably the Pennsylvania and New York Schools. Let the good doctrine bear fruit throughout the length and breadth of the country.—W. Va. Tablet.

SUNDRY ITEMS.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey's aged mother died on Monday morning last. When she was about to sit on a chair, she missing the chair, fell down on the floor and broke her hip. Old age and shock impeded her recovery, and consequently she died after a few days' confinement.

Ben Hurst, of Mt. Pleasant, has fully decided to make a "bee-line" for the World's Fair, where he will spend some time. We suppose that he will bring along with him a fair bride when he returns home. Ben is a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and has acquired a good command of the English language. He is a fine lip-reader.

"Under the Red Flag," a tale of the Paris Commune, is the subject Mr. Thomas Godfrey will give a reading on at the Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Society's hall, next Saturday night. Mr. Godfrey's clear and graphic sign-language is well known, and therefore the deaf will have no reason to be disappointed if they attend the lecture. See the advertisement on the fourth page of the JOURNAL.

Mr. Wm. Friend, of Copeland, while working in the Bessemer Steel Works not long since, was struck by a red hot ponderous rail, burning his left hip severely. He has suffered much from his burns since then, but it is cause for pleasure that he is getting along as finely as could be expected, and will within two weeks or so resume work. He is a man of good habits and industry, and enjoys the esteem of his many neighbors and friends.

Mrs. Cyrus Crawford, of Wilkinsburg, was married some time ago to Mr. Reynolds, of the same town. The young couple have the best wishes of the entire silent community for their future happiness and prosperity. They were educated at the Western Pennsylvania Deaf Institution. Mr. Reynolds is an industrious, good workman, and has in contemplation the establishment of a new dwelling house in Wilkinsburg this coming summer, it is definitely understood.

The Republic of Thursday publishes

NEW YORK.

Barnum's Hosts are Here.

SOME TRIVIAL JOTS.

(From New our York Correspondent.)

Barnum's allied hosts have spread their canvas over a block on this part of the earth. Flaming posters announced the advance guard a week ago.

Saturday morning, the family (two and four footed) was billed for an outing, to be gazed at by a multitude of youngsters and others fortunate enough to be in the vicinity of their mapped out route.

This daylight exhibition of the "greatest on earth" received praise from all quarters. Their annual torchlight parade of former years was spoiled by the dim glimmer of the torchlights and calcium lights used to brighten their pathway.

It goes without saying their stay will prove profitable, and there is a faint rumor that the proprietors mean to squat down here and give a show every day throughout the year.

While out moon-hunting on a moonlit eve recently, our guide led us into the presence of a select few, of the genus homo who "talk not, neither do they hear." Inquiry as to the outlook for game interrupted a pleasing little interpretation of "The Taming of the Shrew." The actor proved himself well acquainted with the dramatic poet, and were it not for a particularly sensitive modesty on his part, we would be more than tickled to reveal his identity.

Concluding the Shakespearean colloquy, the conversation drifted into theatricals in general. Something was said about a possible silent production happening during the Chicago conference of the deaf. New York's histrionic abilities seemed to have taken on wings. It was put forth a dramatic production would prove a feather for the thinking caps of the foreigners expected at the Congress. Our footlight aspirants may have a deeper insight into the subject ere long.

Representatives from the different deaf-mute societies hereabouts met in the literary room of the Xavier Club, March 16th. The Brooklyn Society, Manhattan Literary Association, Union League, Fanwood Quad and Xavier Club were those included. The discussion was spirited. As soon as the organizations have heard the reports of their representatives present at the meeting, the object of the gathering will be put forward with more explicitness.

Charles J. LeClercq misses the facilities for manual exercise placed at his disposal by the Manhattan Athletic Club. That organization had to forsake its palatial home recently, having gone head over heels into the accounts of its creditors. "The Poet" is going to Chicago, and intends to paint that booming town a vermillion hue. After the silent orators have expended all their chaff, he will hie for Missouri, to spend a month as the guest of his uncle. During his stay in Missouri, Charley's companion will be a rifle, and his game anything that comes in his way. We would advise Missouri folks to wear safety plasters, lest the Fanwood Quad Club's unerring marksman's aim becomes too prominent.

Picnic affairs with the Fanwood Quad Club are going along swimmingly. Secretary Capelli, of the Committee, predicts "there'll be nothing like it." Several offers have been received for the programme advertising privilege. Tickets will be ready for distribution at the April meeting. It is said the committee in-charge of the installation spread have an attractive programme in mind.

Henry Kennedy, a former Fanwood pupil, is the last applicant to send in his name to the Xavier Club. A meeting of the deaf-mute members was held on March 19th. From the newly-organized Catholic Society, of Chicago—the Ephphatha—came a request for a copy of the Club's Constitution. Secretary Kane's reply will answer all that was requested. The date for the club's gala time has been changed to April 17-22.

Arthur L. Thomas, who caters with evident satisfaction to R. P. & Co's deaf-mute patrons, found time to say, and listen to some small talk on the evening of 18th, among the club friends. Mr. Thomas finds life in Newark agreeable, and enjoys the run in and out, to and from his place of business. Since the arrival of his little daughter, who will be known as Dorothea, both himself and Mrs. Thomas have found home life doubly attractive.

Miss Rachael Melvaine expects to sojourn for a month or longer, during the coming summer, on the verdant shores of the Emerald Isle.

The "Whalen Pleasure Club" are actively employed booming their ball in April. It is hinted the members are thinking of presenting their standard bearer's name to the President for appointment as minister to the Hawaii Islands.

Easter's coming will be welcomed by deaf-mutes this way. New hats, and other paraphernalia in ladies' and gentlemen's wearing apparel will bud even more prominently than the flowers supposed to bloom in the Spring, tra-la-la.

MONTAGUE TRIGG.

